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NOV. NO. 51

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AUTHORITY

ALL AMERICAN MEN of WAR

9-10



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A FROGMAN!"**

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HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!

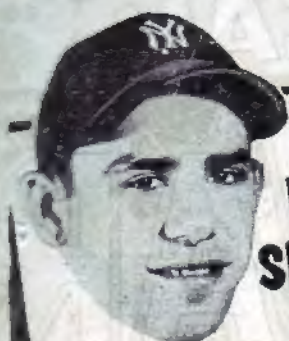
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THE GUNNER LOOKED FOR LIGHT TO FIGHT BY--EVERY NIGHT! WHEN IT CAME --
HE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE ...

BOMBER'S MOON!



ALL AMERICAN MEN OF WAR, No. 51, Nov., 1957. Published monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds.

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ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



I WAS THE NEW TAIL GUNNER ON A VET B-17 WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT IT...

DARKER THAN PITCH! WHAT A NIGHT FOR A MISSION! CAN'T SEE A THING!

WAIT, BUSTER! SOME NIGHT THERE'LL BE A **BOMBER'S MOON!** THEN THINGS WILL BE LIT UP!



AS I STUFFED MYSELF INTO THE TINY TAIL BUBBLE...

BOMBER'S MOON! THAT'S FOR ME! PLENTY OF LIGHT TO SEE THE ENEMY FIGHTERS--THE TARGET--THE FLAK BATTERIES!



BUT ON THIS FLIGHT, MY FIRST IN THE BATTLING BUZZARD...

THERE ISN'T EVEN A STAR OUT!



AS OUR ENGINES THUNDERED TOWARD THE TARGET I SWUNG MY FIFTYS AROUND THE SKY...

DARK... CAN'T SEE A THING!



IT SEEMED AN ETERNITY THAT I HUNG IN THE BLACKNESS AND THEN...

BOMBS AWAY!

WE'RE OVER THE TARGET--AND I NEVER EVEN SAW IT!



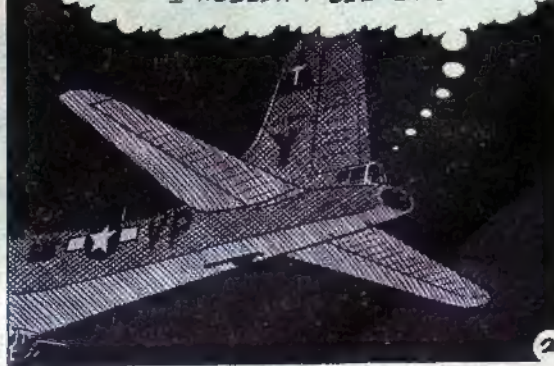
ALL THE WAY HOME...

I'LL NEVER WIN ANY BATTLE STARS--WITH NOTHING TO SHOOT AT! BUT A **BOMBER'S MOON** MUST COME!



MY SECOND MISSION WAS JUST LIKE THE FIRST...

NO **BOMBER'S MOON** TONIGHT--NOT EVEN A SLIVER! THE SKY COULD BE BUZZING WITH NAZI FIGHTERS--AND I WOULDN'T SEE 'EM!



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR

I'M STILL A GREEN GUNNER! I HAVEN'T PROVED MYSELF! HAVEN'T FIRED A ROUND! BUT MAYBE A BOMBER'S MOON WILL SHOW ON OUR NEXT FLIGHT!



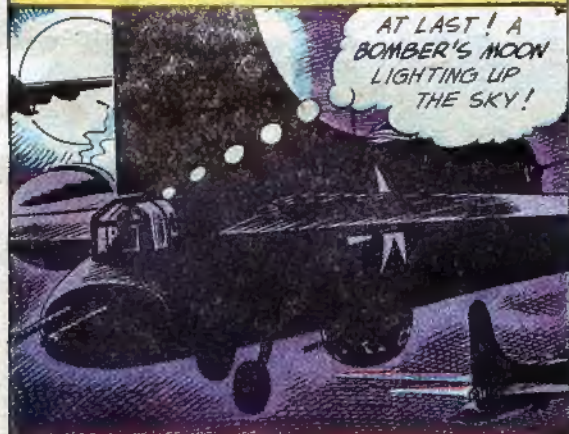
A FEW NIGHTS LATER IN THE BRIEFING ROOM...

TARGET FOR TONIGHT--THE NAZI SUB PENS! THERE'LL BE ENEMY FIGHTERS AND FLAK EVERY MILE! AND THERE'LL BE A... BOMBER'S MOON!

BOMBER'S MOON! NOW I'LL SEE THE ACTION I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



I WAS TOO EXCITED TO WONDER ABOUT MY CREWMATES' GRIM FACES AS WE TOOK OFF...



AT LAST! A BOMBER'S MOON LIGHTING UP THE SKY!

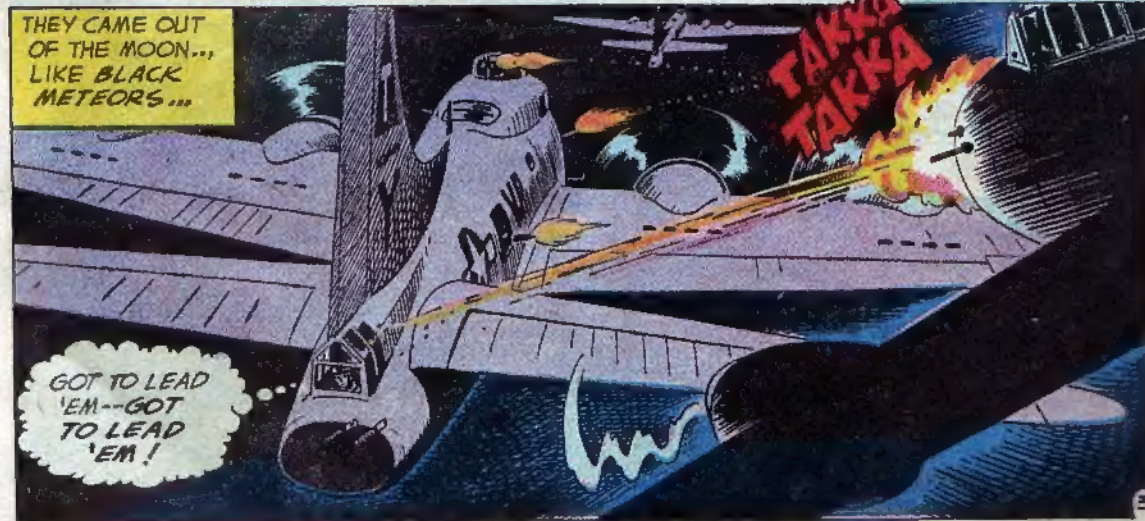
I GRIPPED MY FIFTYS HARD... READY TO NAIL ANYTHING WITH SWASTIKA WINGS...



NAZI FIGHTERS! M.E. 110's!

RATTA-RATTA!

THEY CAME OUT OF THE MOON... LIKE BLACK METEORS...



GOT TO LEAD 'EM--GOT TO LEAD 'EM!

TAKKA TAKKA



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



I SWUNG THE FIFTYS... TOO LATE--THE NEXT INSTANT MY PLASTIC BUBBLE WAS A HIVE OF BUZZING STEEL HORNETS...



THEN, THE SKY WAS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THE BIG, WHITE MOON...

BELLY GUNNER!
FIGHTER
BELOW US!

PORT
WAIST!
BANDIT
COMING IN!



THE OTHER GUNNERS PICKED UP MY TWO PLAYMATES... AND THEN...

TWO MORE! I CAN SEE 'EM PLAIN AGAINST THE MOON!



I COULD SEE THOSE FIGHTERS SLICING OUT OF THE MOONLIGHT...

NOW I CAN SEE THEM-- LARGE AND CLEAR!



SUDDENLY, I REALIZED THAT A BOMBER'S MOON WORKS BOTH WAYS...

BUT THEY CAN SEE ME, TOO!



I REMEMBERED MY CREWMATES' GRIM FACES BEFORE TAKE-OFF...

THEY KNEW A BOMBER'S MOON LIGHTS UP A FORT LIKE A SHOOTING GALLERY !!



I TRACKED THE SECOND FIGHTER AS HE ALMOST POKED HIS PROP INTO MY FIFTYS' ROARING MUZZLE...



THAT'S WHAT THEY MEANT! BUT--I HAD TO FIND IT OUT FOR MYSELF!



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THEN, THE FIGHTERS WERE GONE--AND I WAS ALONE, HANGING IN THE RIDDLED GUN BLISTER...

PILOT TO
TAIL GUNNER!
YOU OKAY?

YEAH...I'M
OKAY,
SKIPPER!

FROM THEN ON I KEPT HOPING THE MOON WOULD DROP OUT OF THE SKY...

IT LOOKS LIKE
A BIG STREET
LAMP--WISH I
COULD SHOOT
IT OUT!

PILOT TO
CREW!
TARGET
AHEAD!

THE NEXT MOMENT THE FORT STARTED BOUNCING LIKE A MODEL T ON A BUMPY ROAD...

FLAK!

BAM

THE ROAD GOT BUMPIER ...

THE TAIL ASSEMBLY--
IT'S SHAKING TO
BITS!

WHUMP

FLAP
FLAP

BAM

FROM THE GROUND WE MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE A BIG LAME GOOSE--SILHOUETTED AGAINST THAT BOMBER'S MOON...



SOMEHOW I WAS STILL HANGING IN THE TAIL BUBBLE WHEN WE BANKED OVER THE TARGET AREA...

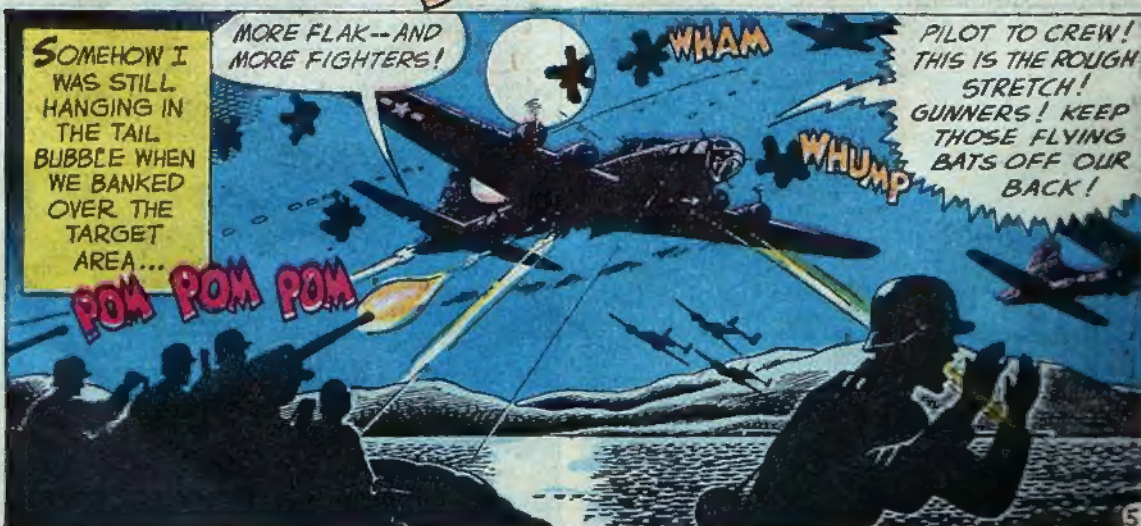
MORE FLAK--AND
MORE FIGHTERS!

WHAM

PILOT TO CREW!
THIS IS THE ROUGH
STRETCH!
GUNNERS! KEEP
THOSE FLYING
BATS OFF OUR
BACK!

WHUMP

POM POM POM





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



WHILE THE BOMBARDIER HELD US ON THE BOMB RUN... EVERY GUN ABOARD THE FORT HAMMERED AT THE FIGHTERS TILL THE RIVETS POPPED...



FIGHTERS WERE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE... LIKE MOTHS FROM A CLOSET...



GOT TO KEEP THEM OFF THE FORT UNTIL WE DUMP OUR PAYLOAD!

THEN I HEARD THE SWEETEST WORDS IN THE WORLD...

BOMBS AWAY!
WE'RE HEADING HOME!



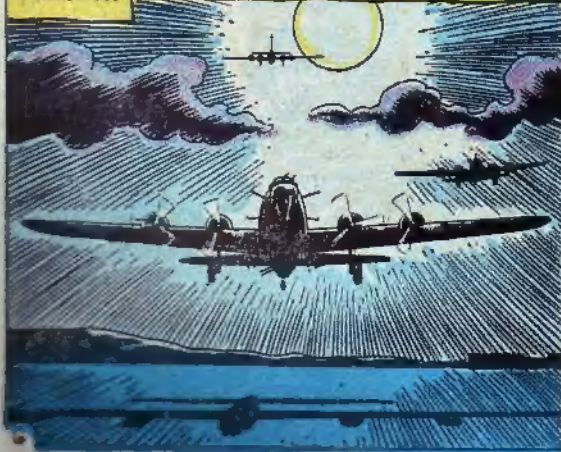
BUT WE WEREN'T HOME YET... AND EVERY TRACER-FILLED FOOT OF THE WAY THAT BOMBER'S MOON WAS SHINING...



LIGHTING UP THE SKY... LIGHTING US UP...



THE MOON WAS STILL LIGHTING UP THE SKY WHEN OUR WHEELS TOUCHED DOWN AT THE FIELD...



SOME NIGHTS LATER, I SPOKE TO A NEW GUNNER...

WHAT A NIGHT FOR A RUN!
DARKER THAN PITCH!
CAN'T SEE YOUR HAND!

JUST WAIT, BUSTER!
JUST WAIT UNTIL
THERE'S A BOMBER'S
MOON--THEN YOU'LL
SEE!



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in **COMICS**... and
of the **BEST** in
COMICS READING!



LOOK FOR IT ON THE
COVER BEFORE YOU BUY
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For
EXAMPLE
ON THE
COVERS
...of...



JUST
TWO
OF THE
GREAT
MAGAZINES
BEARING
THIS GREAT
SYMBOL!

On Sale
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



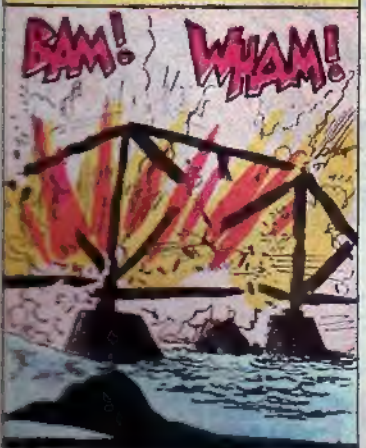
A HIGH PRIORITY TARGET IS A PRIMARY TARGET-- FOR THE NAVY IT MIGHT BE AN ENEMY SUB...



FOR THE AIR FORCES, IT MIGHT BE A CHEMICAL PLANT...



FOR THE GROUND FORCES, IT MIGHT BE A STRATEGIC TOWN OR A BRIDGE...



A HIGH PRIORITY TARGET IS ANY TARGET SO IMPORTANT IT MUST BE KNOCKED OUT! THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME IN TRAINING CAMP--YET HERE I WAS IN MY FIRST ACTION--AND A NAZI PLANE WAS OUT TO KAYO ME!



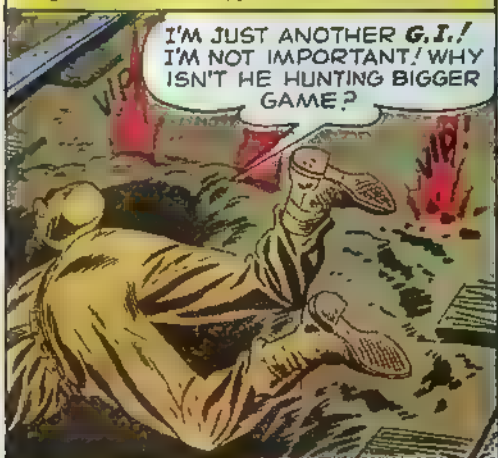


ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



EVEN AS I FLOPPED INTO A SHELL HOLE IN A RAILROAD BED--I WAS STILL TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT...

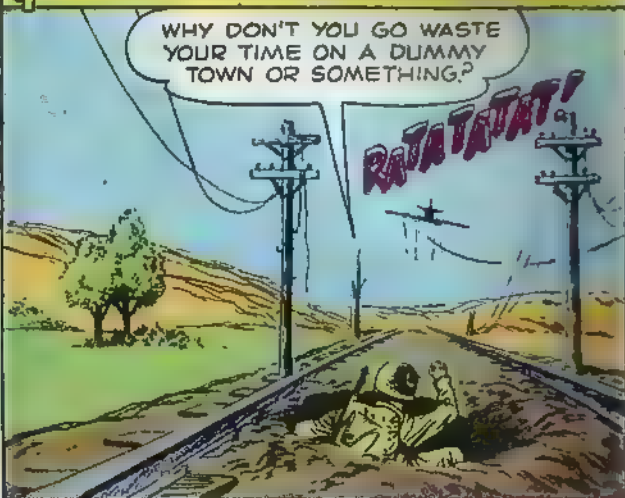
I'M JUST ANOTHER G.I./ I'M NOT IMPORTANT! WHY ISN'T HE HUNTING BIGGER GAME?



THE PLANE BANKED--AND BUZZED ME AGAIN...

WHY DON'T YOU GO WASTE YOUR TIME ON A DUMMY TOWN OR SOMETHING?

RATATAT!



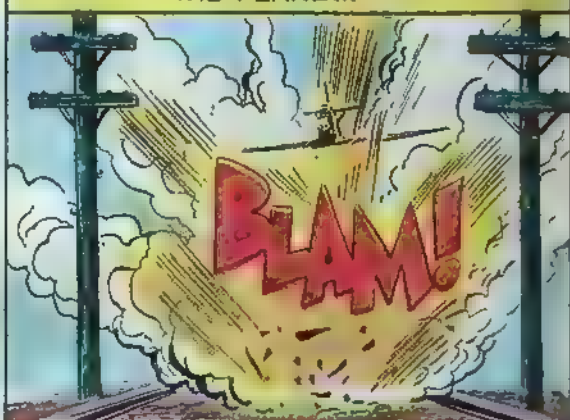
I PRIMED A GRENADE AND THREW IT.

PLING!



THE EXPLODING GRENADE SENT A PILLAR OF SMOKE IN FRONT OF THE PLANE...

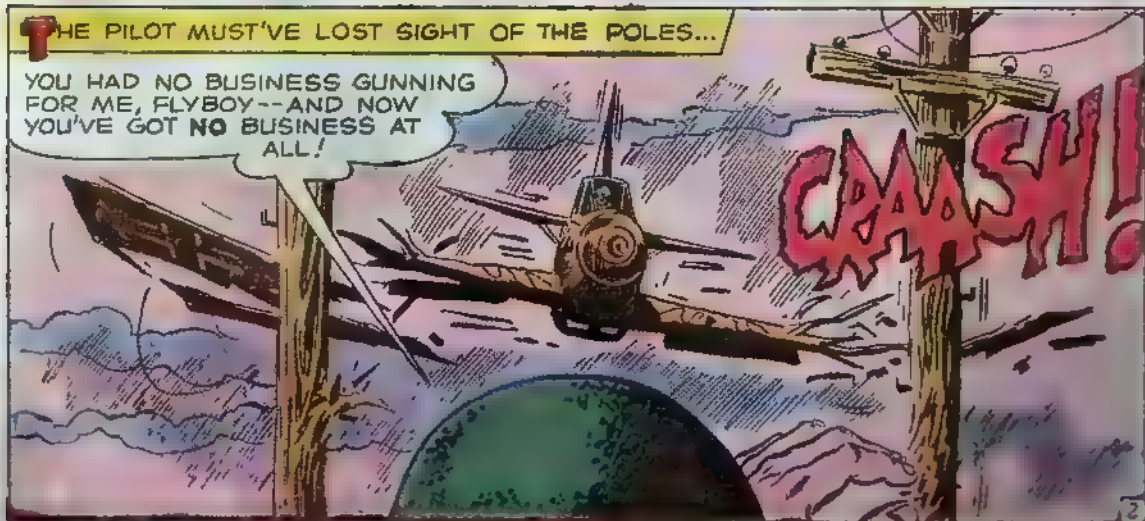
BLAM!



THE PILOT MUST'VE LOST SIGHT OF THE POLES...

YOU HAD NO BUSINESS GUNNING FOR ME, FLYBOY--AND NOW YOU'VE GOT NO BUSINESS AT ALL!

CRASH!





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



I HIKED ALONG, STILL ASKING MYSELF WHY THAT NAZI FLY-BOY HAD BOTHERED TO WASTE SO MUCH AMMO ON ME...

MAYBE HE HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO? MAYBE HE WAS FIGURING ON SOME TARGET PRACTICE--EVEN ON A LOW PRIORITY TARGET LIKE ME?

SUDDENLY...I WAS A TARGET AGAIN!

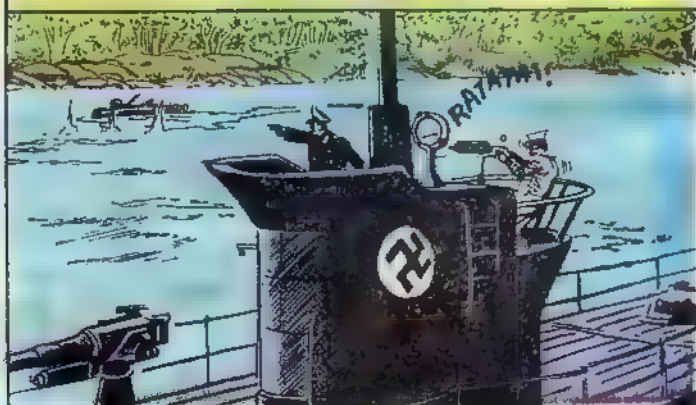


A *SUB!* SURFACING IN THAT RIVER! IT MUST BE ON ITS WAY TO A SECRET REPAIR PEN! WHY DON'T THEY GO TRADING PUNCHES WITH A FLATTOP? I CAN'T DO IT ANY DAMAGE! WHY PICK ON ME? WHY ME?

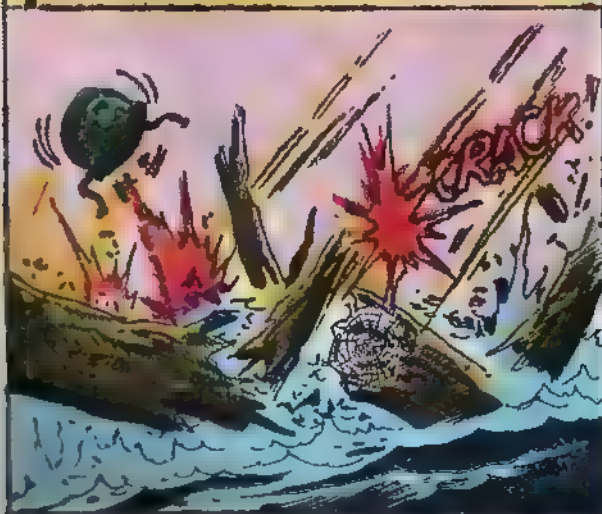
BRATATAT!
Zip, Zip!



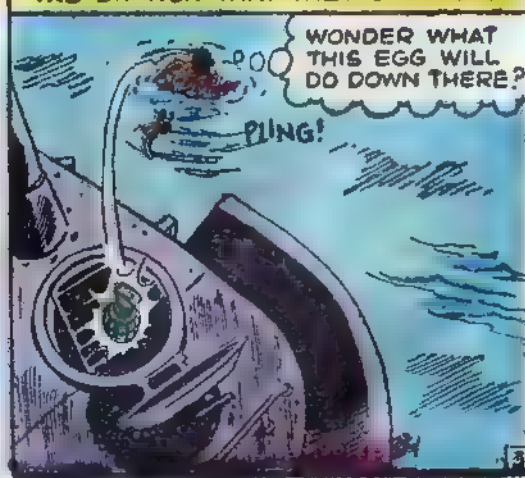
IT TOOK A DEEP BREATH, HIT THE WATER--AND CAME UP BEHIND A DRIFTING LOG--THEY SPOTTED ME...

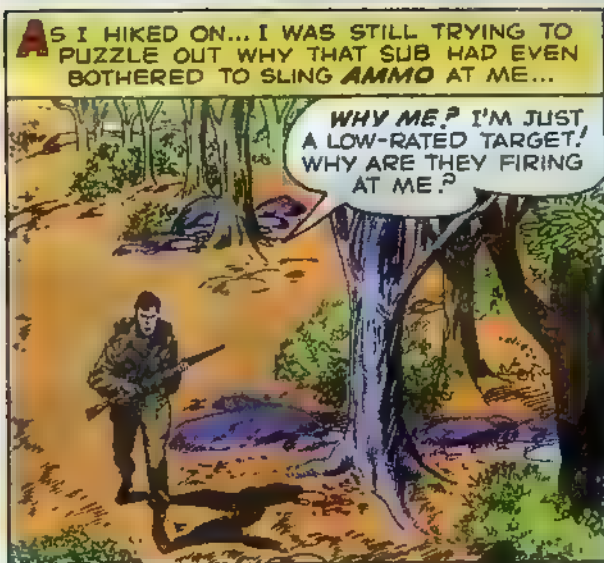
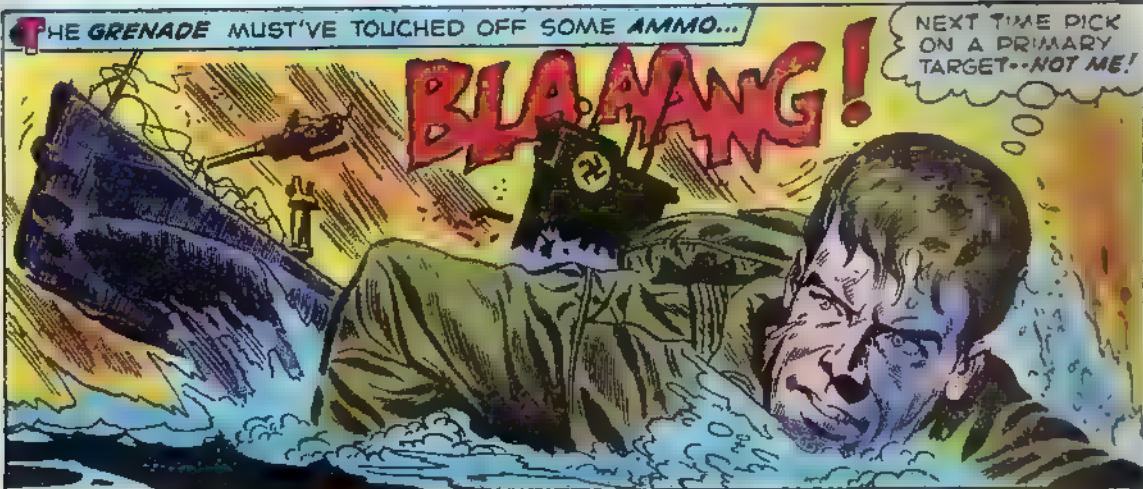


THEY BLASTED MY HIDING PLACE APART...



BUT I WASN'T BEHIND THAT LOG ANYMORE... ONLY MY TIN HAT STUCK ON THE BRANCH THAT THEY SPOTTED!





I BEGAN LEGGING IT TO THE WOODS-- WITH TIGER'S TEETH SNAPPING AT MY HEELS...

THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME!



BUT I MADE IT...
THEY'RE GOING THROUGH A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR A SHOESTRING TARGET LIKE ME!



ONE THING I REMEMBERED FROM TRAINING CAMP...

"BECAUSE OF LIMITED OBSERVATION FROM VIEW SLITS, IN WOODS AND THICK BRUSH, A **TANK COMMANDER** WILL AT TIMES LIFT THE TURRET HATCH TO SEARCH FOR HIS TARGET." I HOPE THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES!



IT WAS ONE TIME THEY FOLLOWED THE BOOK...



SO DID I...





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR

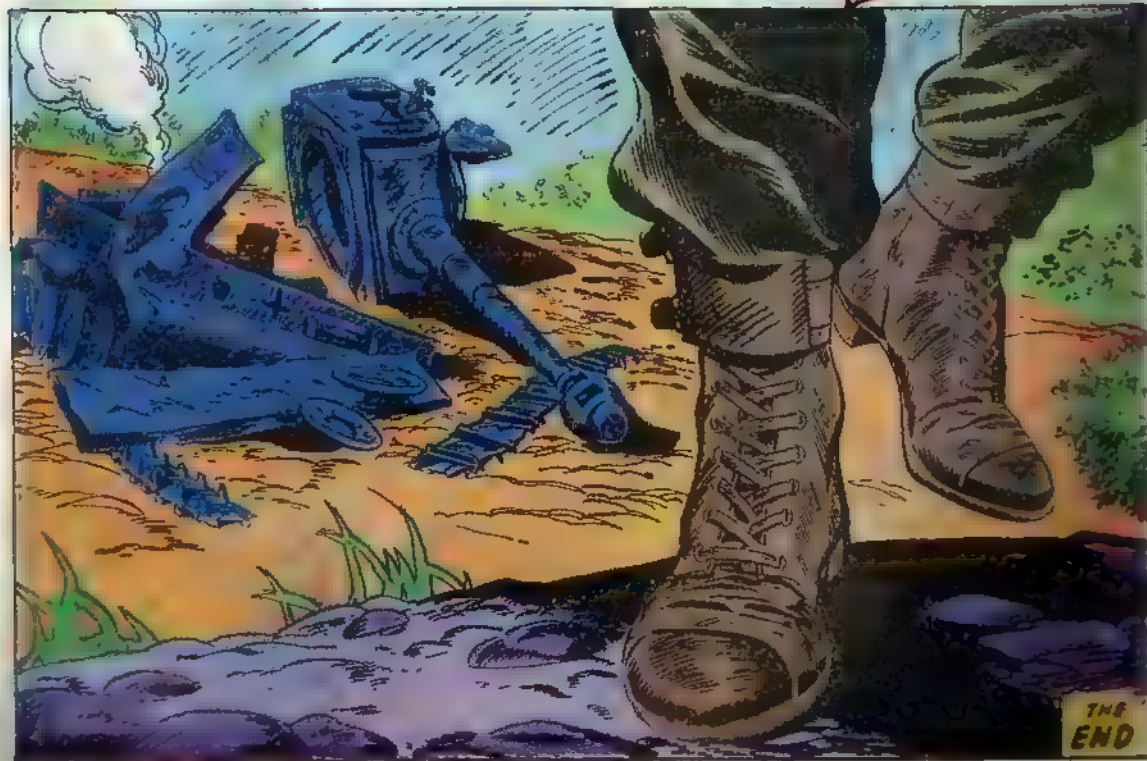


AND SUDDENLY I KNEW--THE ENEMY HAD BEEN GOING BY THE BOOK ALL ALONG--



AND THAT TO THE ENEMY, EVERY G.I. IS A...

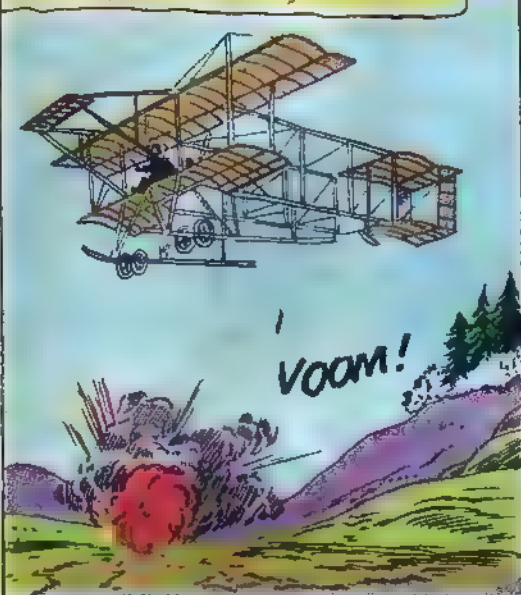
HIGH PRIORITY TARGET



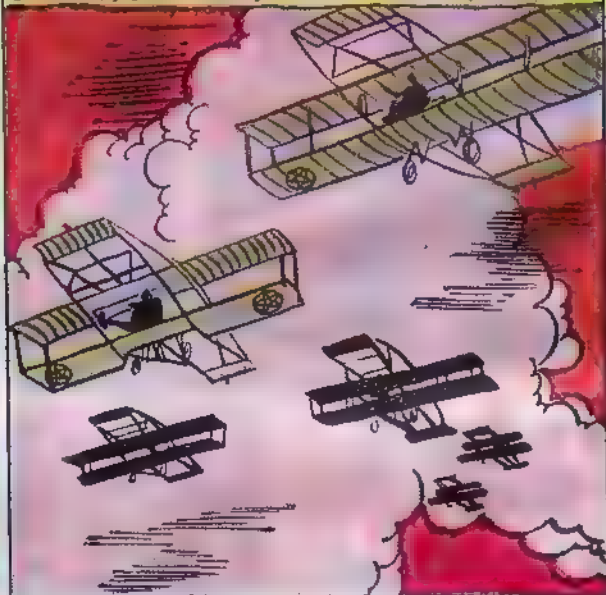
THE
END

AVIATION ALMANAC!

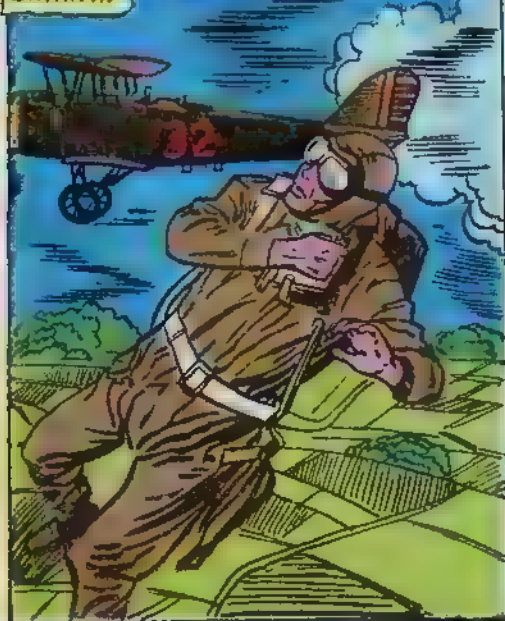
JANUARY 7-25, 1911--EXPLOSIVE BOMBS WERE DROPPED FROM AN AIRPLANE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A SERIES OF TESTS MADE ON A RANGE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...



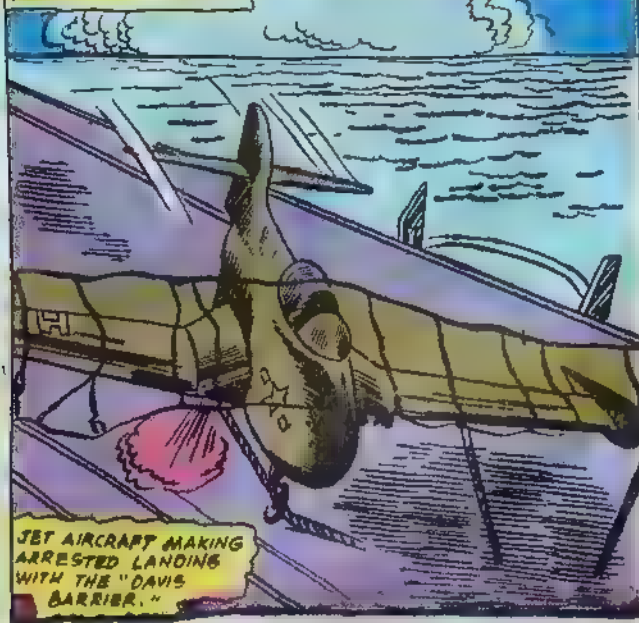
JULY 18, 1914--AN AVIATION SECTION WAS FORMED WITHIN THE SIGNAL CORPS, MARKING THE BEGINNING OF THE AIR SERVICE OF THE U.S. ARMY. IT CONSISTED OF 6 PLANES, 60 OFFICERS, AND 260 ENLISTED MEN...



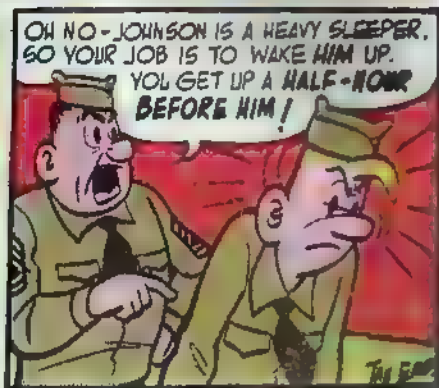
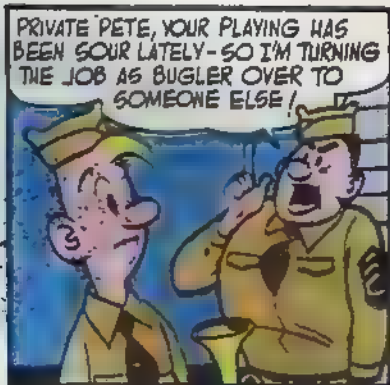
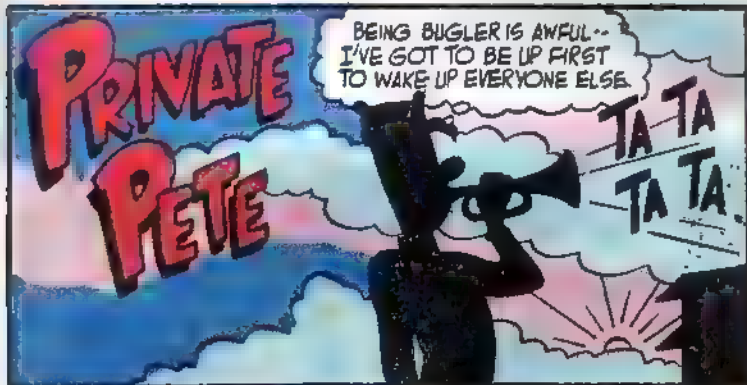
APRIL 28, 1919--THE INITIAL DEMONSTRATION OF A "FREE PARACHUTE" JUMP--IN WHICH THE PARACHUTIST JUMPS FROM A PLANE AND THEN PULLS A RIP CORD--WAS MADE AT MCCOOK FIELD, DAYTON, OHIO, BY LESLIE IRWIN...



NOVEMBER 6, 1945--WHILE ENSIGN J.C. WEST MANEUVERED TO LAND ON THE ESCORT CARRIER *WAKE ISLAND*, HIS *FR-1 FIREBALL* CONVENTIONAL ENGINE FAILED, FORCING HIM TO SWITCH TO JET-POWER. IT TURNED INTO THE FIRST **JET-PROPELLED** LANDING EVER MADE ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER...



JET AIRCRAFT MAKING
ARRESTED LANDING
WITH THE "DAVIS
BARRIER."



BE MY GUEST AT
PALISADES AMUSEMENT
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FREE Acts--
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TEDDY ROOSEVELT *Guardian of Nature*

ALL NATURE IS IN DELICATE BALANCE--BACTERIA AND PLANTS, INSECTS AND BIRDS AND ANIMALS DEPENDING ON EACH OTHER TO KEEP LIFE GOING ON OUR PLANET. BUT MAN'S WASTEFUL DESTRUCTION UPSETS THIS BALANCE AND THEREBY THREATENS HIS OWN SURVIVAL.



A RUINED FOREST, FOR EXAMPLE, RESULTS IN A LOSS OF LUMBER, ANIMAL AND BIRD LIFE, AND CAUSES A CHAIN REACTION OF FLOODS, WASHED-AWAY SOIL AND IMPOVERISHED LAND...



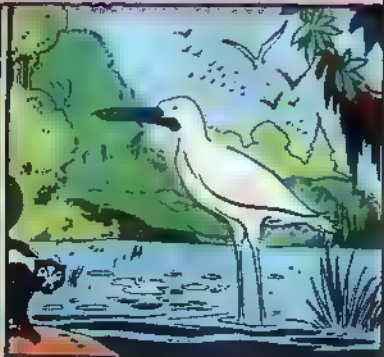
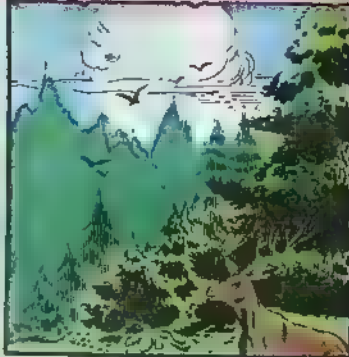
... AND WHERE SOIL IS GONE, MEN MUST GO,

A MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD THIS AND BECAME A PIONEER IN CONSERVATION WAS OUR 26th PRESIDENT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT...



... WHOSE CENTENNIAL WILL BE CELEBRATED THIS COMING YEAR.

THROUGH HIS EFFORTS, MILLIONS OF ACRES WERE ADDED TO OUR FOREST RESERVES FOR CONTROLLED USE, NATIONAL PARKS WERE CREATED, AND WILDLIFE SANCTUARIES ESTABLISHED.



RECLAMATION PROJECTS, LIKE THE ROOSEVELT DAM, RESULTED IN THE IRRIGATION OF VAST AREAS OF ARID, STERILE LAND...



TEDDY ROOSEVELT LED THE WAY IN SHOWING US HOW TO MAINTAIN NATURE'S BALANCE--AND OUR GREATEST TESTIMONIAL TO HIM WOULD BE THE CONTINUED WISE USE AND PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS AND WILDLIFE, OUR SOIL AND WATER, FOR MANKIND'S ENRICHMENT.





PVT. BOB HENDERSON THOUGHT THE LONG SPACIOUS BATTLEFIELDS WOULD BE JUST THE PLACE TO FIND SOMETHING HE ALWAYS WANTED--BUT NEVER HAD--PLENTY OF...

ELBOW ROOM!

I WAS ON PATROL--HAD TO DIVE IN HERE WHEN I HEARD MG FIRE!
BUT THERE'S NO ROOM TO MOVE--
NO ELBOW ROOM!

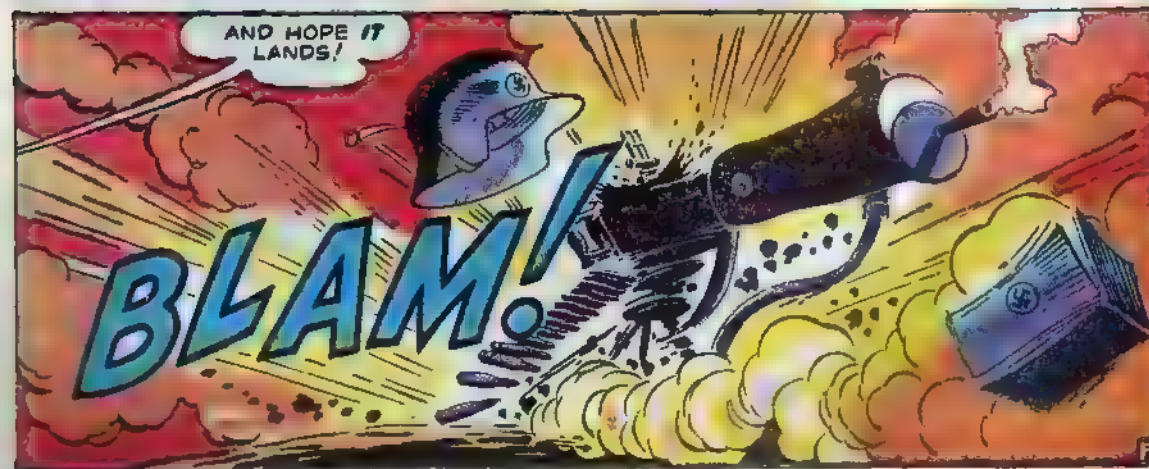
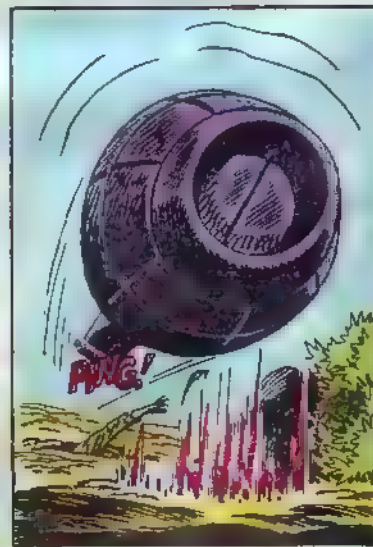
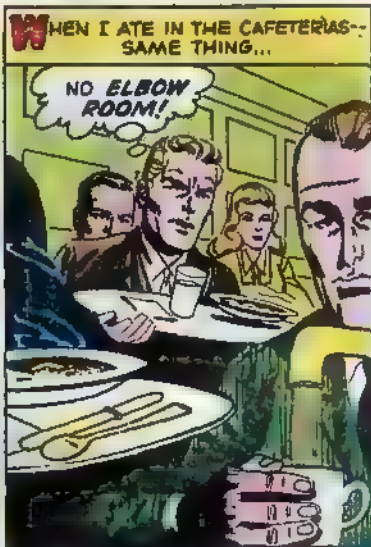
SPATTA!

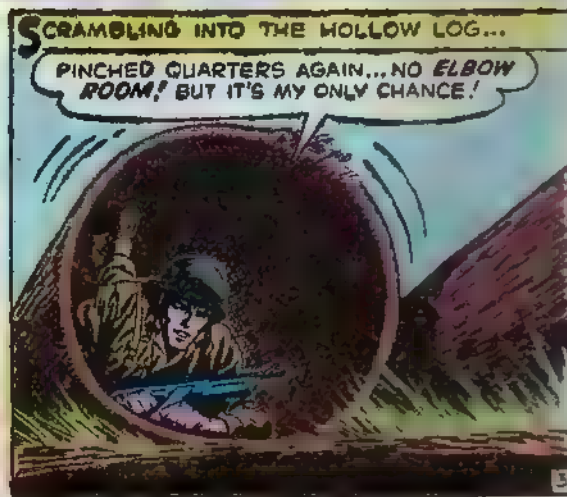
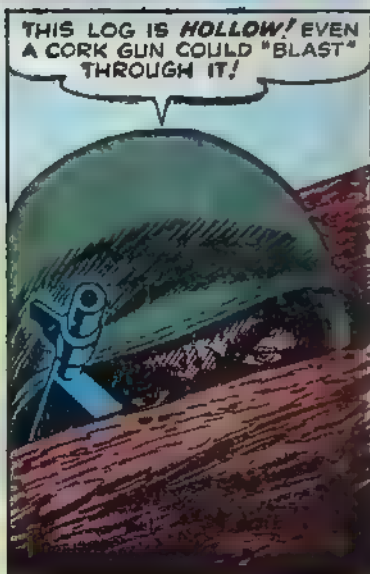
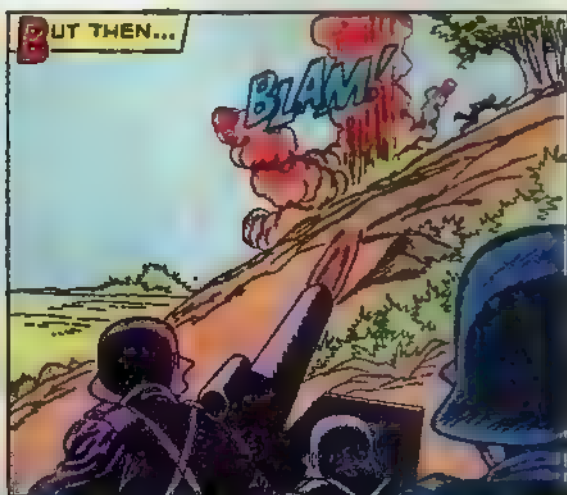
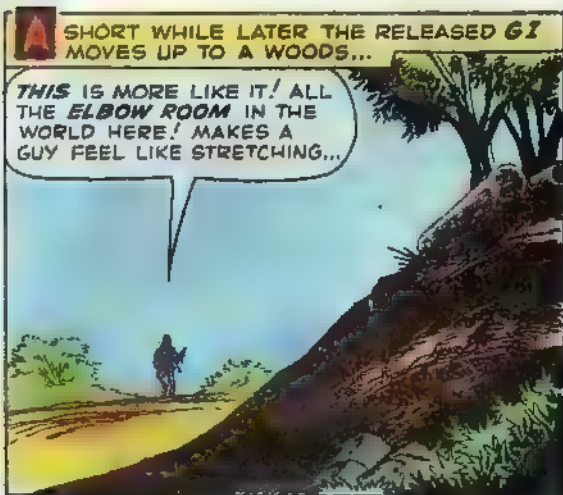
SPATTA!





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR





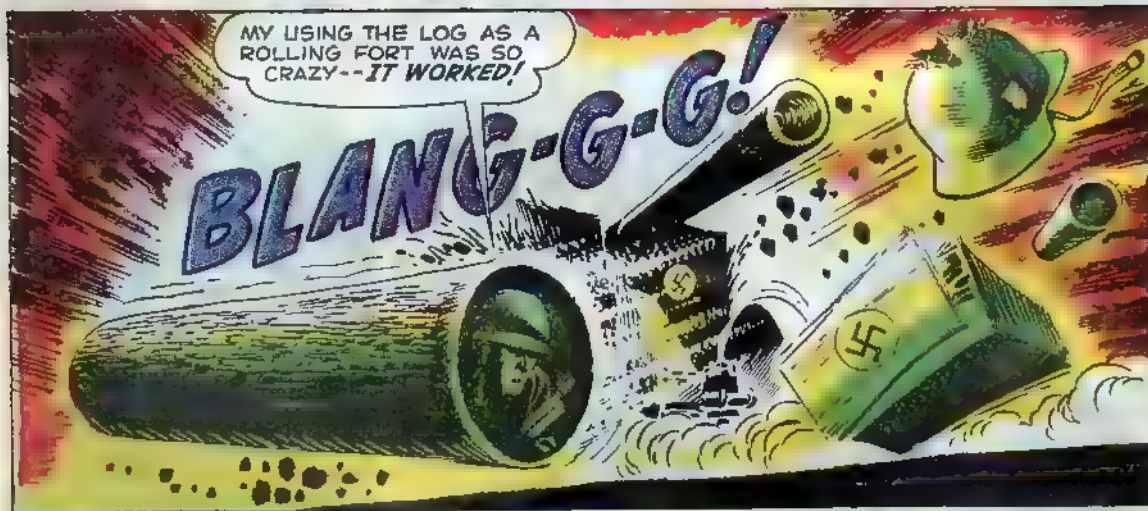
SUDDENLY--THE LOG STARTS ROLLING DOWNHILL...



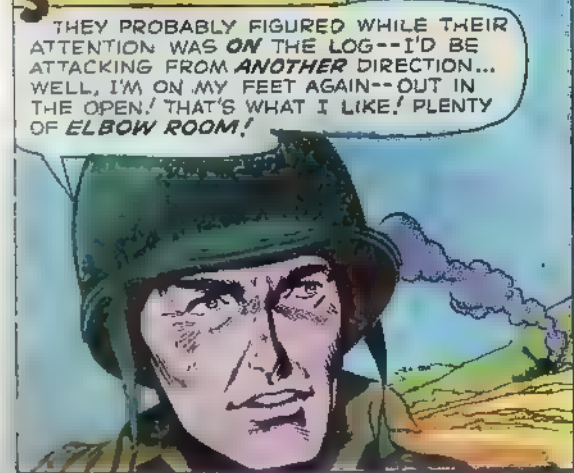
IT ROLLS NEARER TOWARD THE AT GUN...



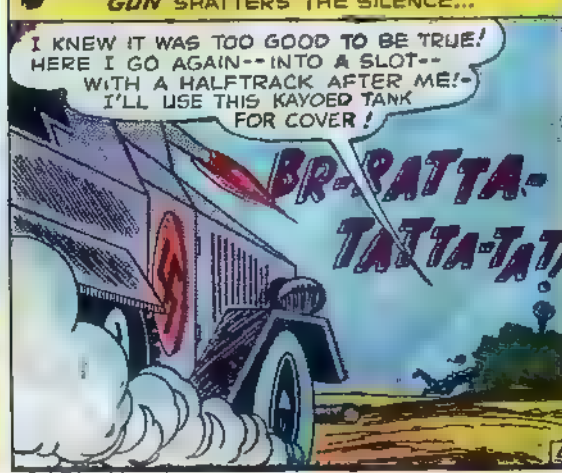
AND THEN...



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...



BUT, SUDDENLY, THE RATTLE OF A MACHINE GUN SHATTERS THE SILENCE...





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



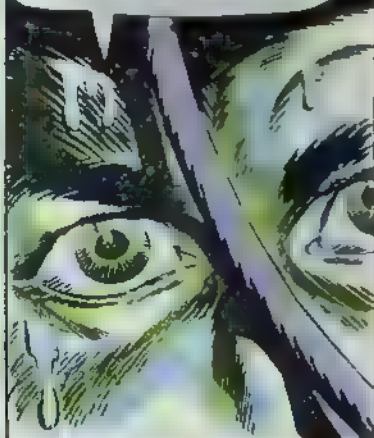
"CLOSET" JOB AGAIN! PINNED DOWN--CAN'T MOVE! AND EVEN IF I COULD--MY **TOMMY GUN'S** NO MATCH FOR THAT HALFTRACK!



THERE'S NO ROOM HERE FOR **ME**-- BUT PLENTY FOR THOSE **SLUGS** BOUNCING IN AT ME! HEY! WHAT'S **THIS?** A WIRE!

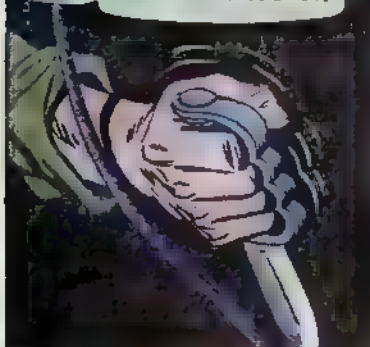


I'VE SEEN WIRES LIKE THAT-- LEADING TO **BOOBY TRAPS!** AM I IN A BOOBY TRAP--



PROBING THE GROUND CAUTIOUSLY...WITH HIS TRENCH KNIFE...

I WAS **RIGHT!** THERE ARE EXPLOSIVES BURIED HERE--WHAT A SPOT!



THE TRAP WAS PLANTED TO GET ANYBODY WHO USED THIS CAN FOR COVER--AND IF THAT **MG** FIRE JOLTS THIS TANK ENOUGH-- I'LL BE **TNT'd** OUT OF HERE!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK!--NEED MY KNIFE FOR IT!



GOT TO CUT THE WIRE...WITH- OUT BLOWING EVERYTHING... TO BITS! EASY DOES IT... **EASY...**

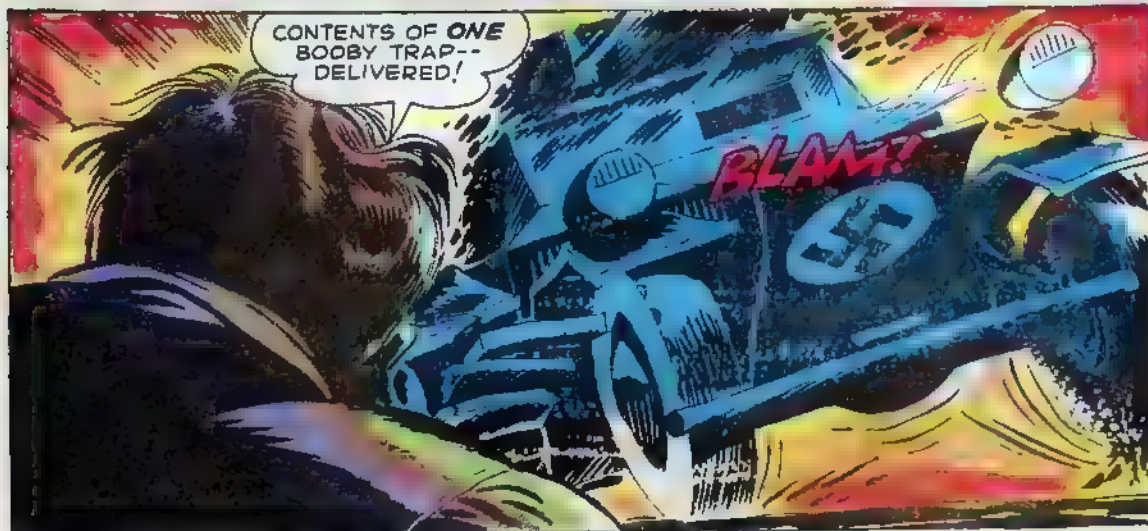
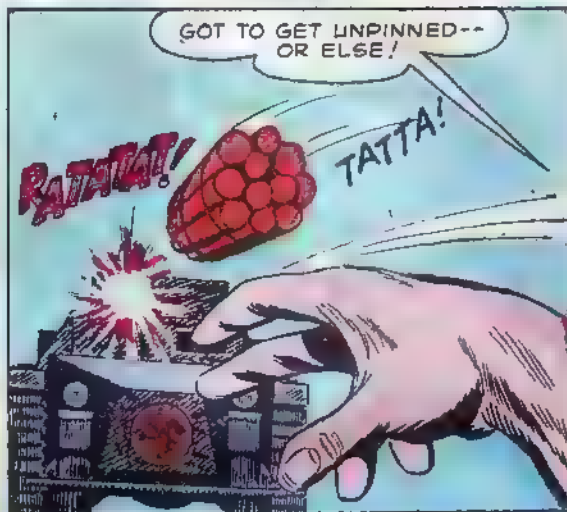


IT'S CUT!





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR





Dear Editor:

How sturdy were LSTs?

Peter Hammond,
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Peter:

During the landing at Salerno, one of the LSTs struck a mine which blew out 50 feet of its bottom and part of the starboard side, including a troop space. The vessel was shelled by German 88-mms. while it discharged its troops. Yet, after retracting, and with that gaping hole in its bottom, it steamed under its own power, about 950 miles to Bizerte.

Combat Corner Editor

? ? ? ?

Dear Editor:

In going over the side of a transport preceding an invasion, do the troops go down the rope ladder in any special way?

Edward Miller,
Providence, R. I.

Dear Edward:

It's called a "rope net," not a ladder. The troops do go over according to a prearranged plan. Three or four

usually go over together, lifting left legs first, placing feet on rungs, and gripping the vertical strands with their hands so the man above will not step on their fingers. The men are taught to keep step so they won't bump and slow the descent.

Combat Corner Editor

? ? ? ?

Dear Editor:

Can you give me any details about the type of submarine mines that are in use today?

Charles Nash,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Charles:

The submarine mine of today consists of a mine case, shaped like a ball, about one yard in diameter, mounted on an anchor in the form of an iron box about 30 inches square connected by a wire rope mooring cable. The mine case contains the charge of high explosive—300 pounds of TNT—and the firing mechanism. The combination stands about five feet high and weighs 1400 pounds. Four small car wheels on the anchor run on steel tracks, allowing the

mines to be easily moved along the decks to the launching point.

Combat Corner Editor

? ? ? ?

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me how many different kinds of cruisers there are in the U. S. Navy, and what their names are?

Jonas Wardell,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Jonas:

There are exactly six types of cruisers in the U. S. Navy at present. They are: The CA Heavy Cruiser, CAG Guided Missile Heavy Cruiser, CB Large Cruiser, CL Light Cruiser, CLAA Anti-Aircraft Light Cruiser, and CLG Guided Missile Light Cruiser.

Combat Corner Editor

? ? ? ?

Dear Editor:

What is fatigue duty?

Leroy Harris,
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Leroy:

In the military sense, "fatigue" (or "fatigue duty") is the work soldiers do which is not connected with combat. This work includes such tasks as cleaning up the barracks, digging pits, etc. The word "fatigue" was once used in common English to mean "toil." So the military term "fatigue" is probably a take-off on this and applies to the tiresome tasks of military housekeeping.

Combat Corner Editor

Dear Editor:

To settle an argument, can you tell me who is supposed to salute first—the enlisted man, or the officer?

Bernard Grenfell,
Cincinnati, O.

Dear Bernard:

Although it is customary for the enlisted man to salute first, it is perfectly proper for a superior to initiate the exchange of salutes.

Combat Corner Editor

? ? ? ?

Dear Editor:

The Navy uses automatic launchers on its carriers to send jet planes into the air. I wonder why the Air Force doesn't use a similar device for jets taking off from the ground?

Bill Hartung,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Bill:

The Air Force has such a device. It's a special launching platform mounted on the back end of a truck, used in connection with special booster bottles which give the planes added push in getting off the ground. The trucks, with a special movable platform, raise the planes to a launching angle and become, in effect, the world's smallest airport. The planes' turbo-jet engines run at full speed as the thrust of booster bottles kick the planes off so swiftly that they are immediately airborne.

Combat Corner Editor



THE FROGMAN THOUGHT THE SEA WAS HIS HAPPY HUNTING GROUND---JUST FULL OF ENEMY TARGETS! BUT THEN THE WAR TORE UP THE RULE BOOK...

BULL'S-EYE FOR A FROGMAN!

I'M ON A BULL'S-EYE!

Zip!

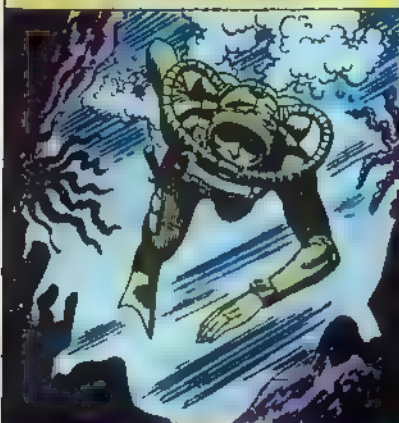




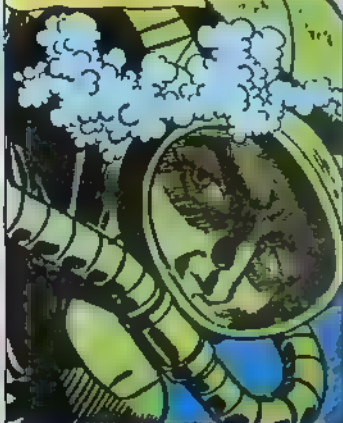
ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



YOU'RE A FROGMAN, MODERN WAR'S LATEST WEAPON! YOU FIGHT WHERE MEN NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE... UNDERWATER...



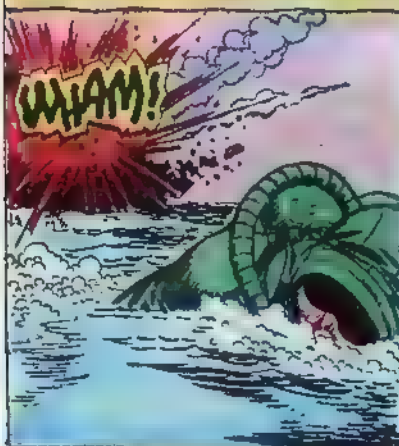
AND UNDER THE SHIMMERING SEA YOU MOVE... GUIDED LIKE ANY FIGHTING MAN, BY YOUR EYES...



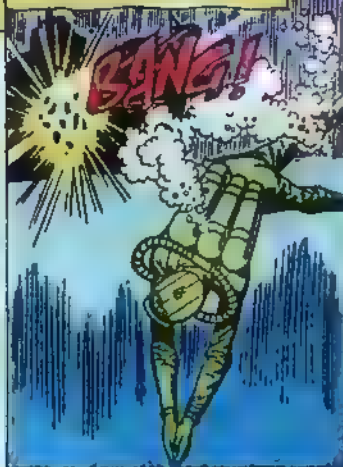
YOUR EYES FIND WHAT A FIGHTER'S VISION SEEKS ANYWHERE--ON LAND--IN THE AIR--ON THE WAVETOPS--THEY FIND TARGETS!



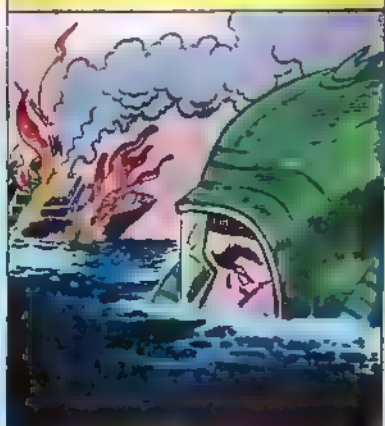
THE SEA IS FULL OF TARGETS! ENEMY SURFACE SHIPS FOR INSTANCE...



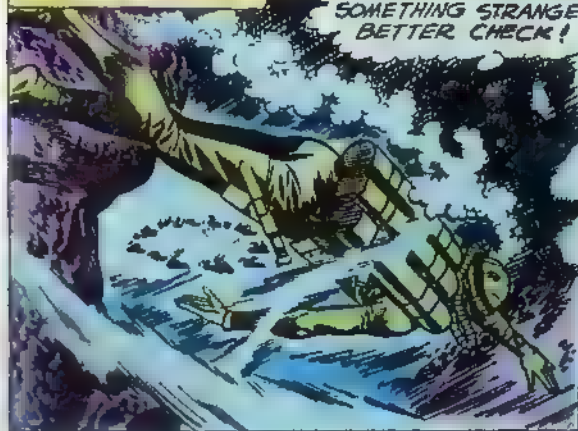
ENEMY SUBMARINES...



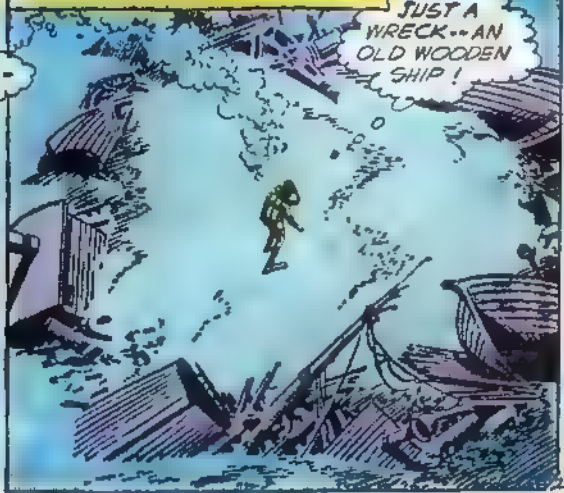
FUEL SHIPS, BARGES, ANYTHING THAT FLOATS OR MOVES UNDER-SEA IS A TARGET FOR YOU...



AND RIGHT NOW YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO A HIGH PRIORITY TARGET--AN ENEMY UNDERWATER GUN BUNKER ON BEACH GREEN! SUDDENLY, BELOW, YOU SIGHT...



YOU FLIPPER DOWN AND FIND...



THEN, ON THE WHITE SANDS A
SHADOW DARTS OVER YOU ...

HUMAN
TORPEDO!



THAT ENEMY FROGMAN MUST
HAVE BEEN SHOT FROM A
SUB TUBE--BECAUSE HE
HITS YOU LIKE A TON OF
TNT ...

--AND
I'M HIS TARGET!



THE NEXT INSTANT YOU'RE
DOING EVERYTHING YOU CAN
TO DE-FUSE YOUR DEEP-SIX
PLAYMATE ...



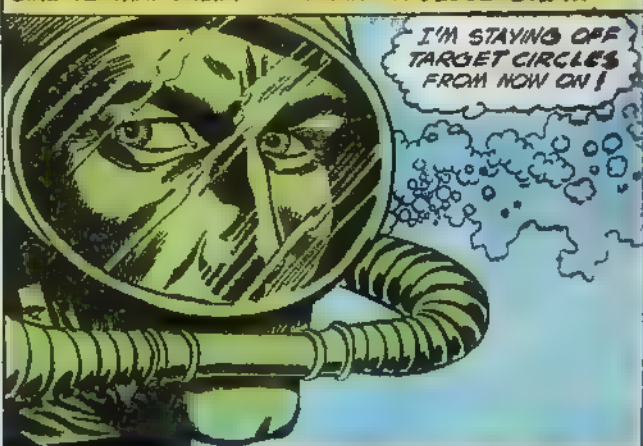
THEN, THE HUMAN TORPEDO OPPOSING
YOU RUNS OUT OF GAS ...

THE WRECK--IT
LOOKS LIKE A
TARGET CIRCLE--
AND THAT ENEMY
FROGMAN THE
BULL'S-EYE!



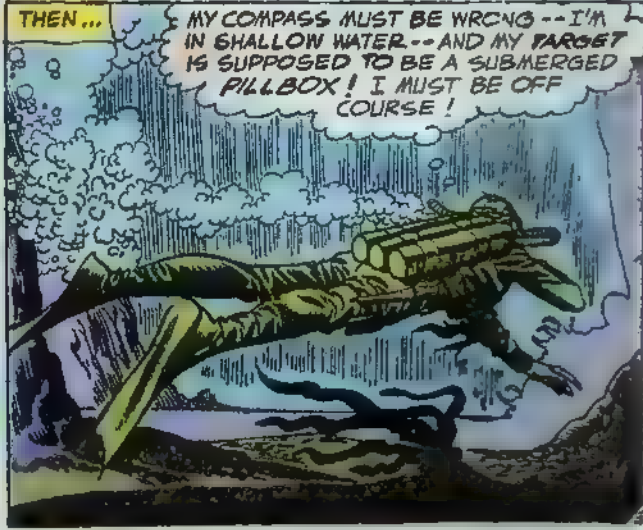
YOU REALIZE THEN THAT THAT'S WHAT YOU LOOKED
LIKE TO THAT ENEMY FROGMAN--A BULL'S-EYE ...

I'M STAYING OFF
TARGET CIRCLES
FROM NOW ON!



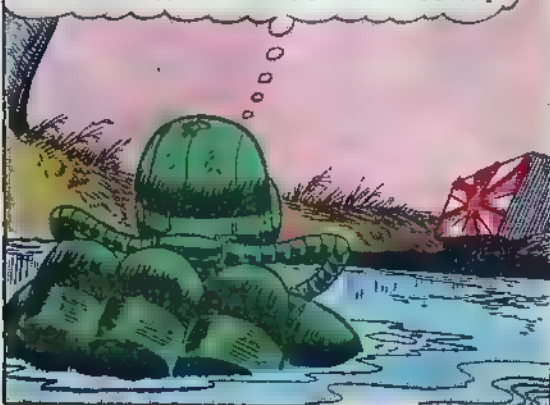
THEN ...

MY COMPASS MUST BE WRONG--I'M
IN SHALLOW WATER--AND MY TARGET
IS SUPPOSED TO BE A SUBMERGED
PILLBOX! I MUST BE OFF
COURSE!



YOU DECIDE TO TAKE A **RECON CHECK** AND **POKE** YOUR FACE ABOVE SURFACE ...

THERE'S MY **TARGET**-- HIGH AND DRY!
THE **TIDE'S** RECEDED AND EXPOSED IT!

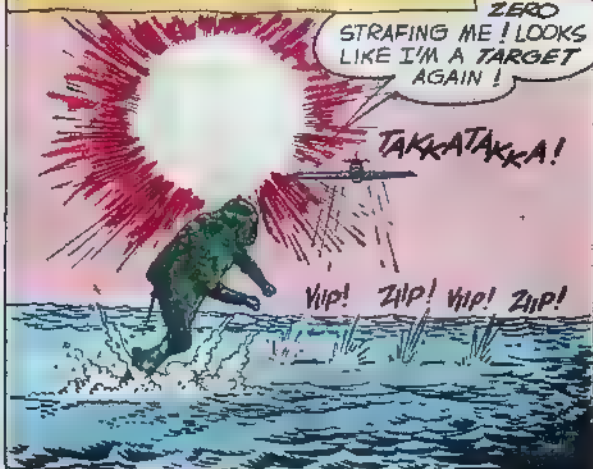


STILL, IT'S YOUR **HIGH PRIORITY OBJECTIVE** AND YOU START AFTER IT... SUDDENLY...

ZERO
STRAFING ME! LOOKS
LIKE I'M A **TARGET**
AGAIN!

TAKKATAKKA!

Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!



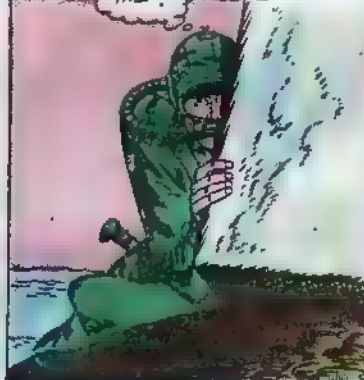
YOU **POUND** YOUR **FINS** TOWARD
THAT **PILLBOX**...

MAYBE
THERE'S **COVER** AROUND
THE **PILLBOX**!



AND WHEN YOU REACH IT...

THAT **ZERO** IS TURNING
FOR ANOTHER PASS AT
ME!



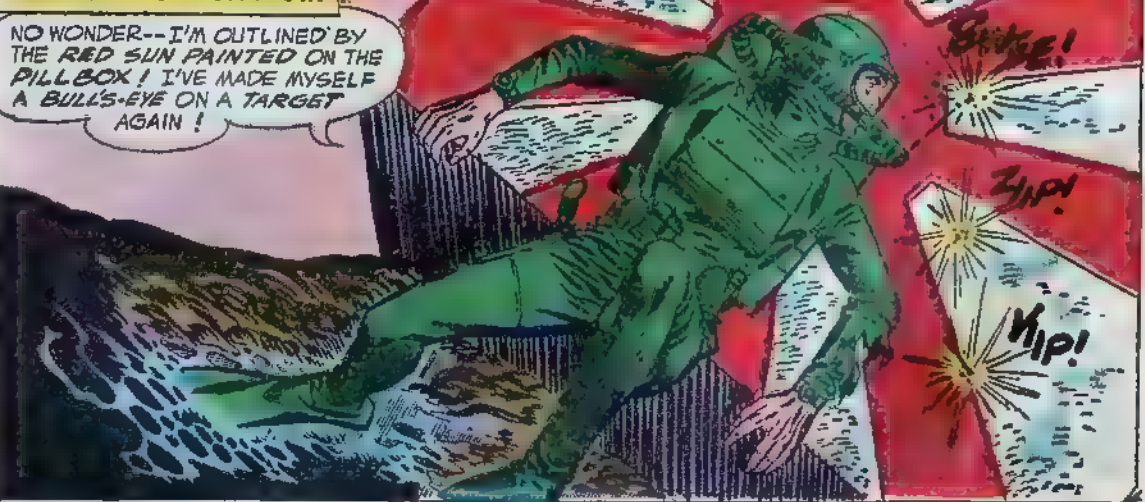
YOU MAKE LIKE A **BARNACLE** ON
THE **PILLBOX** WALL BUT THEN...

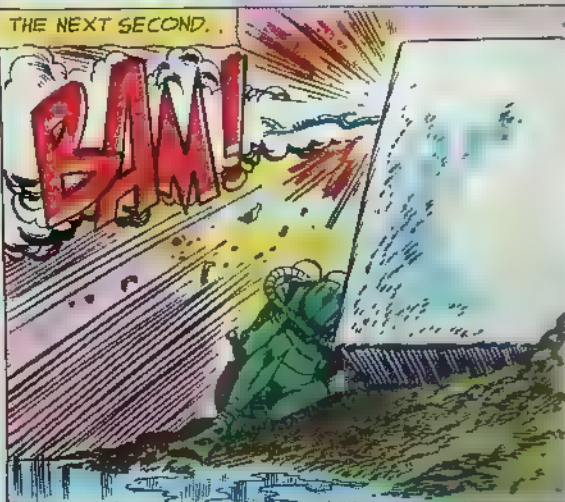
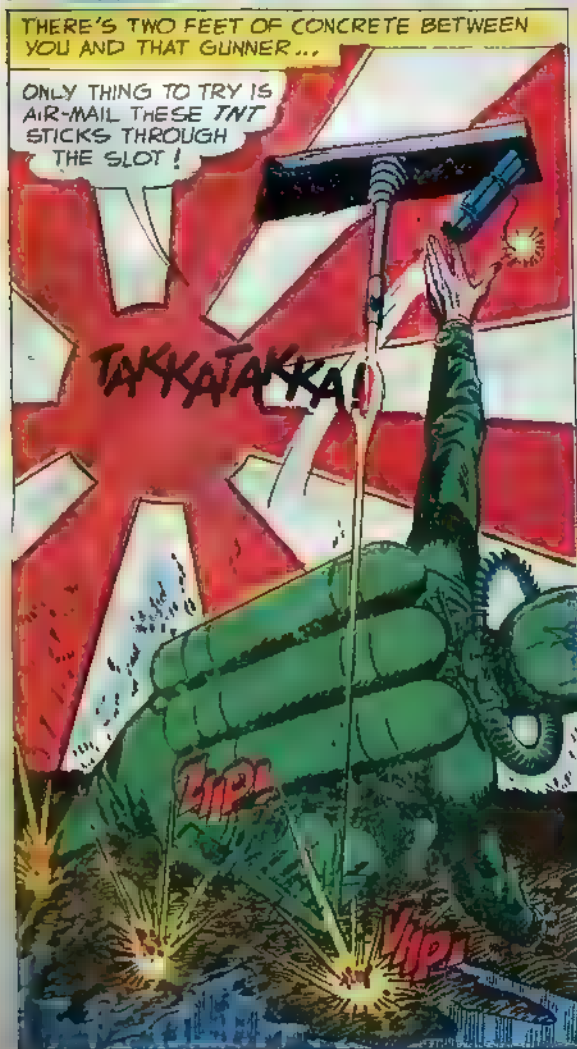
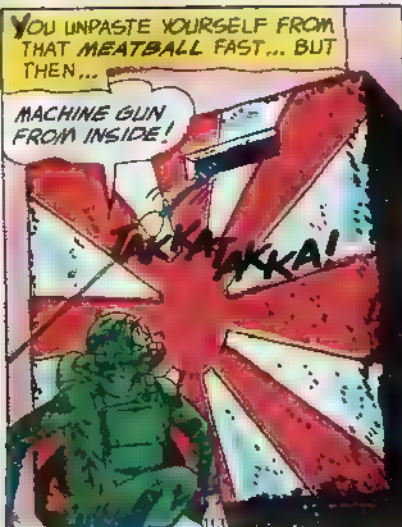
THAT **PILOT'S** GOT ME
FRAMED IN HIS **SIGHTS**
AGAIN!



THEN THE **LIGHT** DAWNS...

NO WONDER-- I'M **OUTLINED** BY
THE **RED SUN** PAINTED ON
THE **PILLBOX**! I'VE MADE MYSELF
A **BULL'S-EYE** ON A **TARGET**
AGAIN!



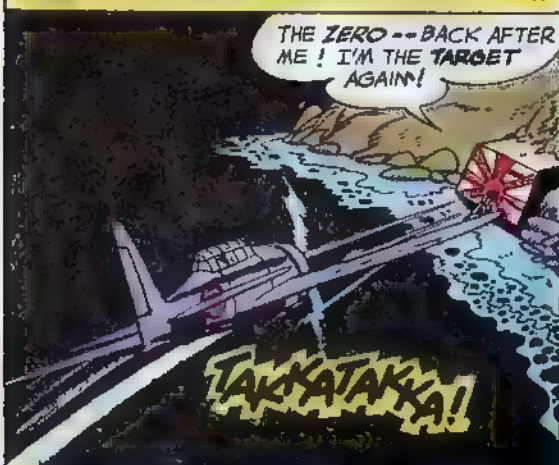




ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR

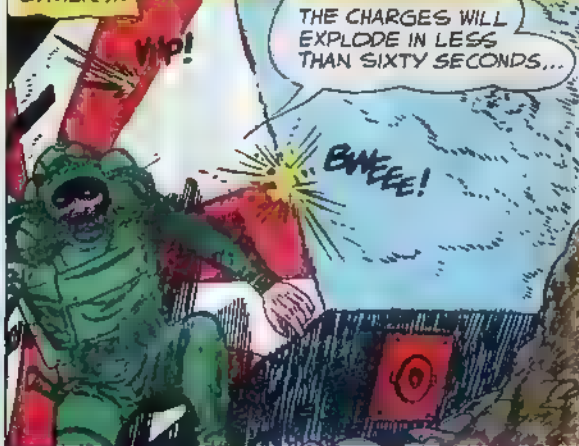


THE CHARGES ARE SET--AND YOU'RE READY TO TAKE OFF--BACK WHERE YOU BELONG... BUT...



THE ZERO--BACK AFTER ME! I'M THE TARGET AGAIN!

YOU CAN'T RUN FOR THE WATER--YOU'LL BE CUT DOWN--YOU CAN'T STAY ON THE BULL'S-EYE EITHER...



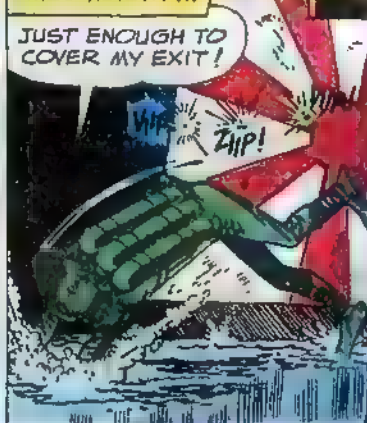
THE CHARGES WILL EXPLODE IN LESS THAN SIXTY SECONDS...

THEN, SUDDENLY... OLD MAN NEPTUNE GIVES YOU A HAND...



THE TIDE--IT'S COMING IN! IT'LL GIVE ME COVER--BUT WILL IT BE FAST ENOUGH!

YOU SWEAT OUT THE SECONDS AND THEN WHEN THE WATER IS KNEE HEIGHT...

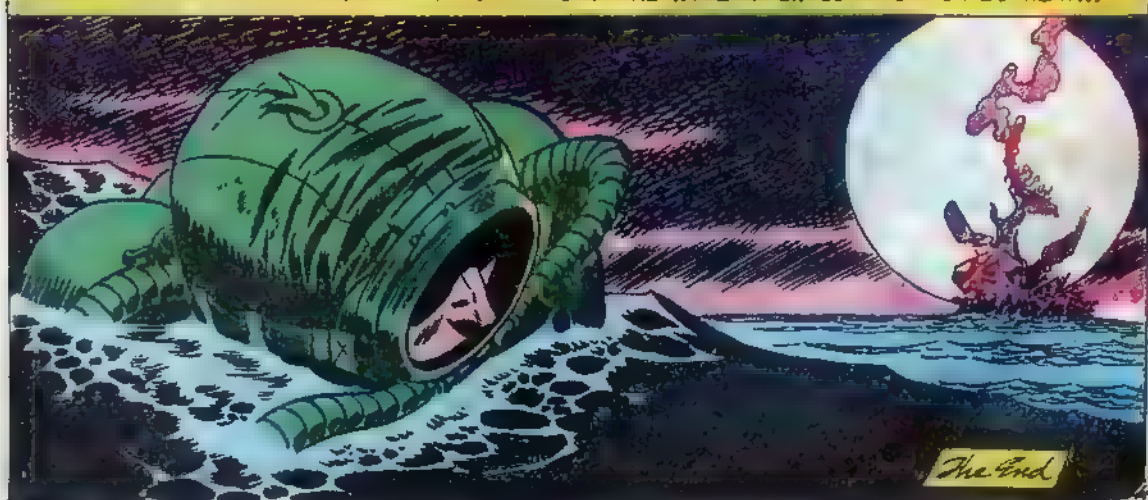


JUST ENOUGH TO COVER MY EXIT!

YOUR FLIPPERS CHURN YOU TOWARD THE DEEP SEA LIKE A HOMESICK SALMON... AND THEN...



AS YOU LOOK BACK... YOU SEE THAT YOU'RE OFF THE TARGET CIRCLE FOR GOOD NOW...





To the Boys and Girls of America...

THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL IS YOUR



GUARANTEE

OF THE **BEST** IN COMICS READING

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottos

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

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*Charles
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"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."

☐ Slimmer Waistline
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☐ Broader Chest and
Shoulders

☐ More Weight, Solid
in All The RIGHT
PLACES

☐ More Powerful Arms
and Grip

☐ More Powerful Leg
Muscles

☐ More Energy, Vigor
and Vitality, Sleep
More Restfully

...Prove to Yourself I Can Make
You Over—from Head to Foot!
IN ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY

YES, it's yours for the asking—the kind of body YOU want! Just tell me WHERE you need it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle—make your entire body over into the kind of power house that women admire and respect.

Do you want broader shoulders — pounds off your waist and hips — more powerful arms — handsome legs — a mid-section with solid-steel muscle? Just check what you want right in the coupon below. You can get it in just 15 minutes a day—right in the privacy of your room.

I don't care if you are 15 or 50—skinny or fat. My methods are famous for working FAST—getting RESULTS on skinny run-down bodies—turning flabby skin and bones into SOLID MUSCLE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets

or contraptions. You simply use the dormant muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" is so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition for boxing, wrestling, baseball, football, tennis and every other sport.

FREE My Valuable Illustrated
32-Page Book. NOT \$1.00
—NOT 10c—but FREE!

Send now for my 32-page book, describing my famous method—packed with photographs and valuable advice. Tells how YOU can develop big powerful muscles; excel in athletics; develop a magnetic personality—and more. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for thousands of other fellows, young and old.

This book is a real prize, yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Rush coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354-L 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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Be the envy of
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handsome
"Atlas Cham-
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Over 1½ ft.
high! All pu-
bils eligible.

LOOK At These RESULTS:

"Have put
3½" on chest
(normal), 2½"
expanded." —
F. S., N. Y.



"When I started
your course I
weighed only 145.
Now weigh 170." —
T. K., N. Y.



"My arms increased
1½"; chest 2½";
forearm 1½". —
C. W., W. Va.



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115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of
Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The
Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest, Shoulders
- ☐ Powerful Arms, Legs, Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist, Hips
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy
- ☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of
your famous book showing how "Dynamic
Tension" can make me a new man—
32 pages, crammed with photographs,
answers to vital questions, and valuable
advice. No obligation.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

It's fun and easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs. Each pack contains 5 large Christmas Cards in full color, and 5 Envelopes—a big value for 25c. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep \$3.00 in cash for every 36 pack order you sell.

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Mail coupon today and you'll receive a Jewel-tone Pencil as a FREE GIFT with your Christmas Packs.

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Mail This—Send No Money

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Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 36 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____